War. Away, away, once more sweet Lords farewell.

Exeunt Omnes.

Alarmes, and then enter Richard at one dore, and Clifford at an other.

Rich. A *Clifford* a *Clifford.*

Clif. A *Richard* a *Richard.*

Rich. Now *Clifford*, for *Yorke* and young *Rutlands* death,
This thirstie sword that longs to drinke thy bloud,
Shall loppe thy limbes, and slice thy cursed heart,
For to reuenge the murthers thou hast made.

Clif. Now *Richard*, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that stabd thy father *Yorke*,
And this the hand that slew thy brother *Rutland:*
And heer's the heart that triumphs in their deaths,
And cheeres these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,
And so haue at thee.

Alarmes, they fight, and then enters Warwicke and resceues Richard, and then Exeunt omnes. Alarmes still, and then enter Henrie solus.

Hen. Oh gratious God of heauen looke downe on vs,
And set some endes to these incessant griefes,
How like a masterlesse ship vpon the Seas,
This wofull battaile doth continue still:
Now leaning this way, now to that side driue,
And none doth know to whome the day will fall.
O would my death might stay these cruell iarres:
Would I had neuer raignde, nor nere bin king.
Margret and *Clifford*, chide me from the field,
Swearing they had best successe when I was thence:
Would God that I were dead, so all were well,
Or would my crowne suffice, I were content,
To yeeld it them and liue a priuate life.

Enter a Souldier with a dead man in his armes.

Soul. Ill blowes the wind that profits no bodie,
This man that I haue slaine in fight to day
May be possessed of some store of Crownes,

And

And I will search to finde them if I can,
But stay: me thinkes it is my fathers face,
Oh I, tis he; whom I haue slaine in fight,
From London was I prest out by the King,
My father he came on the part of *Yorke:*
And in this conflict I haue slaine my father.
Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,
And pardon father for I knew thee not.

Enter an other Souldier with a dead man.

2. *Soul.* Lie there, thou that foughtst with me so stoutly,
Now let me see what store of gold thou hast,
But stay, me thinkes this is no famous face;
Oh no, it is my Sonne that I haue slaine in fight.
O monstrous times, begetting such euents,
How cruell, bloodie, and ironious,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget,
Poore boy thy father gaue the life to late,
And hath bereau'd thee of thy life too soone.

King. Woe aboue woe, griefe more then common griefe,
Whilst Lions warre, and battaile for their dens,
Poore Lambs do feele the rigour of their wraths:
The Red rose and the Whight are on his face,
The fatall colours of our striuing houses,
Wyther one Rose, and let the other flourish:
For if you striue, ten thousand liues must perish.

1. *Soul.* How will my Mother for my fathers death,
Take on with me, and nere be satisfide?

2. *Soul.* How will my wife for slaughter of her sonne,
Take on with me, and nere be satisfide?

King. How will the people now misdeeme their King?
Oh would my death their mindes could satisfie.

1. *Soul.* Was euer sonne so rude, his fathers blood to spill?

2. *Soul.* Was euer father so vnnaturall his sonne to kill?

King. Was euer King thus grecud and vexed still?

1 *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence from this accursed place;
For woe is me to see my fathers face.

Exit with his father.

2. *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,

For